

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE FLESH CRAWLERS

Occasionally, one of APRO's secretaries comes across a new report which is so bizarre that it elicits the exclamation: "This one makes my flesh crawl."

In this chapter we will present only two cases, years apart, which are most difficult to analyze and understand, and which are so spectacular by the nature of their details and the conditions surrounding them, that they are necessary to our presentation of UFOs over the Americas.

The first case is quite complete and self-explanatory. Our only introduction will be to state that the report was submitted by APRO's representative for Peru, Mr. Richard Greenwell. An Englishman by birth, Greenwell is an importer of industrial machinery in Lima, speaks Spanish like a native, and has more than a passing interest in the Peruvian nation and people.

#### REPORT ON THE EXPERIENCE OF C. A. V. LIMA, PERU

I first heard of the above [C. A. V.] through the Instituto Peruano de Relaciones Interplanetarias, and hoped to obtain his name and address. However, he himself approached me on October 4th, 1967, to tell me his story. We talked for about two hours and the whole conversation was taped. The following report is taken directly from these tapes. C. A. V. was born in Lima, Peru, forty-eight years ago.

APRO: Do you remember the exact date of your experience?

V: It was in the summer of 1947, more or less.

APRO: 1947? That's twenty years ago?

V: Well, 1949. It's about 18 years ago. You see, I calculated it by the age of my daughters.

APRO: Then you don't know the exact year?

V: Well, I could find it for you afterwards. I have references from family happenings which would help me to determine the year.

APRO: Do you remember the month?

V: It must have been between February and March.

APRO: I see. And you don't remember the date? Where was the observation made?

V: On the Pan American Highway, just at a place called "Lomo de Ballena"—just where now there's a brick factory [this highway runs close by the sea—RG.] It was about ten kilometers [six miles] out of Lima [going south—RG.]

APRO: The time?

V: It was approaching a weekend, about Friday, and between four and five in the afternoon. I was returning to Lima from Pucusana in my car—one of my trucks had had an accident.

APRO: How was that?

V: At the time I was a representative of the International Petroleum Company and I had the distribution of gas for the greater Lima area. I also distributed kerosene. One of my trucks crashed and went over onto the sand dunes. I had to go with other vehicles and haul it out. It was badly damaged. This occurred about 50 kilometers [32 miles] out of Lima. So, I was riding back to Lima in my own car at about four or five and I saw a disk, a . . . something strange which was nearly standing on the ground, at the foot of a sand hill, on the right-hand side of the road.

APRO: So the sea was on your left-hand side?

V: That's right. On my left was the sea and on the right the hills.

APRO: How far were these sand hills from the road?

V: Well, I'd always thought that the hills were very close, but when I left the car and started going over there I found that it was a very long way and I got very tired. I arrived—

APRO: Just a moment. Wasn't there any traffic on the road?

V: Well, at that hour there is very little traffic on the Pan American Highway, and this was twenty years ago nearly.

APRO: But didn't you see any other cars? It would be natural, if you saw a disk, for you to seek other witnesses.

V: Yes, but at that time I didn't see anybody. I saw it and I began running toward it.

APRO: Now, when you first saw it you said it was suspended?

V: Yes, it was stationed, it seemed, about two meters [six and a half feet] above the ground. There was space between the disk and the ground. It was not moving.

APRO: What color did it have?

V: Almost the color of sand, but it shined.



APRO: Were you afraid?

V: Yes. My heart was beating very hard.

APRO: Did your car suffer any electrical breakdown or anything?

V: No.

APRO: How far did you think you were from the object?

V: About 500 meters [550 yards]. Well, I thought it was about 200 [220 yards] at first.

APRO: At what angle was the object to your right when you first saw it? Do you understand the question?

V: Yes, I was driving at about eighty k.p.h. [fifty m.p.h.] and I saw it on the right and a little way ahead of me. By the time I had slowed down and stopped, it was directly to my right.

APRO: When you stopped and got out of your car what size did the object have, say, in relation to the Moon?

V: Well, I thought it had the size of a municipal bus.

APRO: Yes, but at what distance? By stretching out your hand, like this, what area did it cover?

V: Well, I'd say more or less twelve centimeters [four and a half inches], but of course I have never considered this before now.

APRO: Twelve centimeters at arm's length?

V: Yes, more or less.

APRO: Was there any sound?

V: No.

APRO: Could you distinguish any structural details?

V: No. Absolutely nothing. It was just a perfect disk at about two meters (6.5 feet) from the ground.

APRO: You saw nothing else around the object?

V: No.

APRO: And no movement of the sand? It was suspended over the sand wasn't it?

V: Yes.

APRO: You said you started running toward the object?

V: At first I started running but I got tired. It was farther away than I thought. Then I continued walking at a fast rate.

APRO: Why did you go toward the object?

V: Well, I . . . I had been hearing about flying saucers and it was a strange . . . rare thing—I have always wanted to find things out. My curiosity was greater than my fear.

APRO: You said earlier that you arrived at the disk itself?

V: Yes.

APRO: How long did it take you to reach the object?

V: Well, it was a long time ago, and I am rather confused about the whole thing. What I am going to tell you, and what I have told you, is not at all exact, in the strict sense of the word. I can only judge approximately.

APRO: Very well. But more or less how long did it take you?

V: Well, I think it might have been about ten minutes. You see, I ran, I got tired, I stopped and watched, I walked, and so on.

APRO: While you were approaching the object did you notice any change in color, or position, any sound or movement?

V: No.

APRO: And did you notice any traffic on the road?

V: No.

APRO: But there might have been other vehicles passing?

V: Yes, but I had the road behind me and I didn't notice.

APRO: Then what happened?

V: You see, even on the way back to Lima I encountered very little traffic—at that time [1949] the highway had few vehicles. When I got close—it was a strange thing . . . because I saw no door—three figures came out.

APRO: How far were you from the object when this happened?

V: I'd say about twenty meters [twenty-two yards].

APRO: So what happened?

V: I saw them come out . . . but I was surprised because I could not see a door . . . they just came out—I know that, but I'm not sure how.

APRO: When you first saw these figures what did they resemble?

V: Well, they didn't have a defined form. They looked like three mummies. They had the profile of human beings but their legs were joined. They did not have two legs but one "double" one—like twins.



APRO: But you did see a door this time?

V: There was an aperture and they came out. How it opened—I don't know.

APRO: But the disk was not touching the ground was it?

V: When I approached, the disk was about the height of a chair off the ground.

APRO: But before you said the disk seemed about two meters from the ground.

V: Yes. I had thought it was higher but it's possible that during my approach it came lower. When I was close, it was no higher than about fifty centimeters [twenty inches].

APRO: You could definitely see underneath the disk? It was not touching the ground.

V: It was not touching the ground.

APRO: Carry on then.

V: Well, these creatures came out and—well I cannot remember the exact chronological order of the questions and answers but, more or less, I asked them "Who are you?"

APRO: You were still at about twenty meters (twenty-two yards)?

V: Yes.

APRO: Will you, please, give me a more detailed description of the creatures?

V: Yes, well . . . when I got closer . . . you see, I started to talk and we could not understand each other and I got closer and they moved toward me. We must have met about halfway. I moved about one third of the way and they came the rest of the way toward me, until they had the form of, well, the description was as if they were sort of mummies. They had no exterior sign of sex, ears, or eyes. A body, a head, and legs joined together.

APRO: You mean that from the body came one leg for support?

V: Well, no. Two legs joined together. Have you ever seen twin bananas? You see the form of both bananas but they are joined together.

APRO: I see. And one foot?

V: One large foot.

APRO: And how did they walk on one foot?

V: They moved . . .

APRO: How?

V: It was strange, they moved as if they were, I don't know, dancers . . . or . . .

APRO: They touched the ground?

V: Yes, yes. They went along the ground but they moved, they sort of slid along the ground.

APRO: Fast?

V: No, no. Normal.

APRO: They made no sound?

V: No.

APRO: Did they have arms?

V: Yes, they had arms but their hands consisted of a group of four fingers stuck together and a separate thumb.

APRO: Were they wearing uniforms or clothing?

V: No. They had a sort of strange skin, a sort of towely, sandy-colored skin.

APRO: I see. How long were the arms? How far down did they reach?

V: Well, I think they were normal; otherwise I would have noticed a difference, but I don't remember even thinking of that. These creatures were about ten centimeters [four inches] shorter than me and I stand one meter seventy-five centimeters [five-feet nine inches]. They were small compared to me, and their arms appeared to be proportionate.

APRO: How was the foot?

V: Like two feet bandaged together.

APRO: They were covered, then, with something . . . ?

V: No, no! They didn't have any clothing. Their only covering was a strange towely skin.

APRO: And the head?

V: The head had no features at all, except at about the height of the eyes there was an oblong substance like jelly with a sort of a bubble in the center. It was the only exterior feature. No ears, no mouth, no nose, nothing. The nose, or where it should be, had a form of a nose, sort of like when you pass a tight stocking over your face. No nostrils.

APRO: And this jelly substance?

V: It was like a sort of transparent plastic, or jelly, with a bubble in the middle which moved around.



APRO: Moved around? Like an eye?

V: Like a bubble. It was about two centimeters [three-quarters of an inch] across.

APRO: What color?

V: Transparent.

APRO: And the background, behind the bubble?

V: Transparent, also.

APRO: Then how could you tell the difference?

V: It was like a bubble inside a liquid, with a slight difference of shades.

APRO: I see. Then what happened?

V: Well, they asked me in English—they spoke English as if they were not actually articulating the voice, but as if it came out of a speaker. . . .

APRO: Do you know English?

V: I speak a little, yes.

APRO: Can you speak to me in English then?

V: "Well, I don't know very much, but I can understand a little." [This was said in perfect English; all the rest of the interview was in Spanish—RG.]

APRO: Fine. Now, did you notice if the English they used was of a British or American dialect?

V: They did not use the British accent. I have been in London and know the accent well—the American cuts the words. This voice was neither one or the other.

APRO: With another accent perhaps? German?

V: No, no. The English was spoken as if by someone who had learned the language without adopting British or American accents.

APRO: I see. And what did they ask?

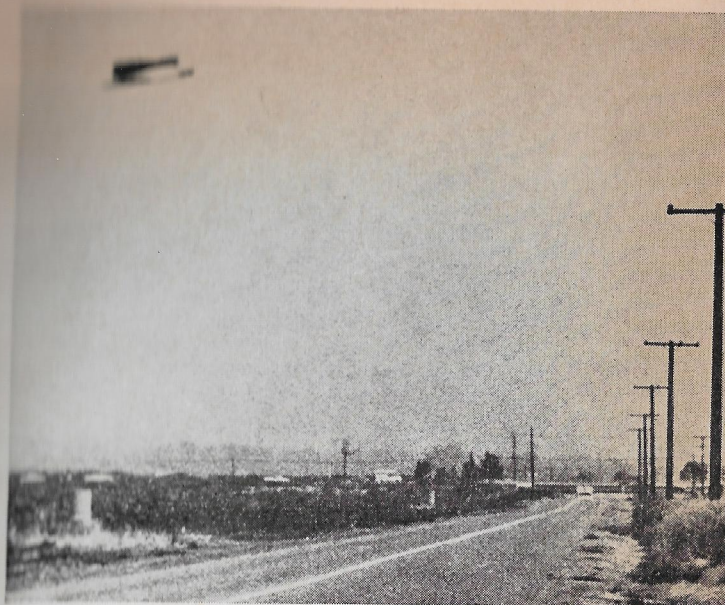
V: They asked, "Where are we?"

APRO: One of them said this? Could you tell which one?

V: No. I heard one voice but I could not tell from which one it came, because they *emitted* the sounds. There was no mouth and they seemed to emit the sounds through their bodies.

APRO: Would you say the voice appeared to come from a machine?

V: No, no. It was vocal. It said "Where are we?" or words to



*Doubt was cast on their authenticity by the fact that a truck is seen emerging from the underpass down the road in the first photo, while Heflin claimed that no cars passed during the incident. On-the-spot investigation by the Condon Committee showed that only 20 percent of traffic coming through the underpass continues up the road to where Heflin was parked. The majority of it moves off on a road to the left where three automobiles and a truck can be seen traveling as this picture was taken. The fourth picture was taken of a smoke ring which Heflin says was left where the object last hovered before moving away.*





*These two photos, snapped by Paul Trent of McMinnville, Oregon, on May 11, 1950, remain to this day among the best examples of UFO photography. A photogrammetrist employed by the Condon Committee traveled to Oregon to discuss the original incident with Mr. Trent and to take measurements at the site. He returned with no reason to disagree with the opinion of the McMinnville Telephone Register which first published the pictures on June 8, 1950. "After careful consideration, there appears to be no possibility of hoax or hallucination connected with the pictures."*

that effect, because I remember they assumed that they were in North America. And I told them that this was South America.

APRO: Then in their question, "Where are we?" they actually said, "Are we in North America?"

V: No. First they asked, "Where are we?" and then—I don't remember exactly how—I said they were in South America, not North America. When I told them they were in South America, they spoke to me in Spanish, with the same sort of strange accent. It wasn't an Argentine Spanish or a Spanish from Spain—more like a learned Spanish.

APRO: And then?

V: Well, then I said . . . I asked them how they knew my language. And they told me they had learned many things about us through the air. . . .

APRO: Did they show any surprise at finding themselves in the wrong continent or hemisphere?

V: No. They asked me if they could see my chief—they wanted to speak to my chief, and I told them that we had many kinds of chiefs, and did they mean our President, the main chief? Then they asked how they could speak to my chief. They repeated always the word "chief."

APRO: Didn't they understand the word "president?"

V: Possibly; I don't know. . . . But—anyway, they insisted on "chief."

APRO: What did you say?

V: Well, I said I could arrange maybe for someone to come and speak to them. I said I was frightened that they would do us harm, but they answered that they wanted to do no harm and just wanted to speak to my chief, as they had very important things to tell him. Then came a series of questions and answers on both sides, and I will tell you what comes to mind but please understand that I cannot remember the conversation in chronological order. One of the things they told me is that we were playing around with a new substance that could endanger the peace of the world—of the universe. I asked them where they came from, and they said a strange name. We would call it a star they said, but they came from a place with a strange name I could not understand; probably their planet somewhere. From the conversation we had, I was able to deduce that they were frightened that, by playing around with atomic explosions, we would create some sort of chain reaction which would not only destroy the world but endanger the universe. . . . In another question, I asked them who their God was and I noticed a sort of mockery. "God?," they said, "What God?" "Well, the Supreme Creator," I said, "who made the universe." "Well, we are like gods," they said. "How can you be gods?" I



asked. And they said that we were very backward. They said that we fought over a flag, over a frontier, that we had wars of trifling matters, like children. We were like children literally still in our diapers. We fought over food, we fought over sex, then asked them if they did not have those same defects. But they said that they had overcome those years, centuries ago.

APRO: Years or centuries?

V: Well, I couldn't say. They said a long time, a long time ago they had overcome the defects of our planet. They told me that they extracted from the sun . . . I learned later that this is called photosynthesis—which I did not know. The sun, which is the chief source of all energy, provided them with all their necessary energy. They obtained humidity from the atmosphere.

APRO: Just a moment. The sun is the star of our solar system. I understand that they did not come from our solar system?

V: Well, I don't know. They said a strange name which I don't know if it's a planet or a star.

APRO: You are acquainted with our solar system, the nine planets? Didn't they say if they came from a planet within our solar system or from a planet in another stellar system?

V: No. The name they gave me was strange and unknown to me. . . . I asked them what propulsion method they employed to cross space. They said that, at will, they could add or subtract weight from their vehicle. They accumulated energy through a heat system. Well, I don't understand it at all, but they said it was a method of changes in temperature which created some sort of energy. They said that we had to swallow, digest, and convert our food into energy, whilst they received their energy directly from the sun. They also said they did not practice sex. They said that they had no sexes any more or sexual desires, and had no sex problems like us humans. They never felt hunger, which did not make them envious of their brothers. Everything belonged to everyone, while the humans on earth fought over silly things like flags and lands. I then asked them if they had no sex, how did they reproduce? They said that they had the ability to divide themselves down the middle and split themselves into two creatures.

APRO: Like an amoeba?

V: Well, I don't know. But the new creatures created had the experiences and the knowledge accumulated in them from the original being. Out of one creature they could make two creatures with exactly the same experiences. I asked them how could they travel at such great speeds without their bodies being harmed, and they asked me to touch them. I sort of put my arm around one and pressed his body and had the idea that, if I could make him stay, this would be my proof. You see, I

was under a state of shock and was not thinking too clearly. I had something sort of "biscuity"—they had hard bodies. They had no bones, apparently, but cartilages—this permitted them to receive all sorts of blows without damage. I asked them if they had hostile intentions toward us, and they said no; all that they wanted is that we stopped playing around with such a dangerous weapon.

APRO: They seemed to know quite a lot about us, isn't that so?

V: Well, it seems that by means of our radio and air waves they had received everything.

APRO: Didn't they say if they had come to earth before?

V: No.

APRO: Did they mention other civilizations that had come here?

V: No. But it seemed that they had us all studied; they knew all about our countries, our language, our cultures, and that we were progressing very slowly, but we were reaching a dangerous and crucial point. They said that if we passed this stage we could become like them, but that it was very dangerous to play with this new knowledge of atomic energy. In those years, we were just beginning to hear about atomic explosions, and no doubt we knew little about them, while now we have learned more. They invited me to enter their craft, and frankly if I had been in a normal state I would not have entered, but I was sort of . . . I wasn't in complete control of myself. I entered, and the only thing I saw in this vehicle, which was about ten meters [eleven yards] in diameter, was a sort of ledge.

APRO: A ledge?

V: Yes, a sort of ledge that circled the whole interior of the craft. I thought this was very strange, as I had been in tanks and submarines and—

APRO: Have you been in the service?

V: I was in the army for three months.

APRO: But you have been in submarines?

V: Yes, because my family is a navy family. I've been in ships, planes, and helicopters.

APRO: How high was the vehicle inside?

V: About one meter above my head, which makes about two and a half meters [eight feet]. There was absolutely no structural detail. The inside was like a balloon. There was no instrument, no lever, no button, nothing.

APRO: You mean outside the vehicle?



V: No, inside.

APRO: But you saw the entire vehicle?

V: I went in with them.

APRO: Now, before you went in, did you notice anything in top or below the disk?

V: No. Nothing.

APRO: But it wasn't touching the ground?

V: No. At no moment did it touch the ground.

APRO: How did you enter the vehicle?

V: I had to raise my foot high up to step in.

APRO: There was an opening?

V: Yes.

APRO: How wide?

V: Well, as I entered my shoulders brushed the sides, so it must have been about sixty centimeters [two feet].

APRO: Round or square?

V: The upper part was semi-circular.

APRO: Did you go in first, or them?

V: One or two of them went in first, and then one after me.

APRO: Now, before we go on, are there any things you talked about which you may not have told me?

V: Yes, they had a series of sounds they made between themselves. Also, they showed me how they could transfer liquids from each other, merely by placing two shoulders together.

APRO: What sort of liquids?

V: I don't know. Maybe water.

APRO: Some form of alimentation I suppose?

V: No; they explained to me that they received their alimentation from the sun. And they absorbed their liquids or humidity from the atmosphere. However, if one of them should need liquid this could be transferred to him from body to body.

APRO: And they made noises among themselves?

V: Yes. Sort of like when you get static on the radio. Something like that.

APRO: They spoke a lot among themselves?

V: Eh . . . not really. Mostly it was me and them asking and answering questions.

APRO: The voice that spoke in Spanish, now, could you determine from which creature it came?

V: Ha, I couldn't.

APRO: And the noises they made to each other?

V: Ha. I got the impression that the noises were more like microphone noises than human voices.

APRO: So when they were making these strange noises to each other you could not determine if this one or that one was the one emitting the noises?

V: No.

APRO: So it's possible that these noises were being made by only one of these creatures?

V: It's possible.

APRO: And that they were not discussing among themselves.

V: Oh, yes, they were asking and answering each other—

APRO: How do you know?

V: Well, first there would be a series of noises, then a pause, then another series, as if it were the answer.

APRO: You know that the human hearing system is made in such a way that we are, within limits, able to detect the origin of a sound? You could, however, not detect from which creature the noises were coming?

V: No.

APRO: Right. Now when you boarded the vehicle, what did you see?

V: Only this sort of ledge around the disk. They stood in front of this ledge and held on to it because, well . . . looking out . . . You see, the exterior of the vehicle could be seen just by looking. It was transparent.

APRO: You mean the whole vehicle was transparent from inside?

V: At least the part that I was facing.

APRO: In which direction were you looking?

V: The sea, I think.

APRO: The highway, then?

V: Yes.

APRO: Could you see your car?

V: Yes.



APRO: Could you see other cars on the road?

V: No.

APRO: Could you see the sun?

V: The sun. Well, I don't really remember seeing the sun. . . .

APRO: But it was five o'clock? The sun should have been directly ahead of you.

V: Yes, the sun must have been lowering itself over the sea. But, frankly, I just don't remember seeing it.

APRO: What sort of day was it? Were there clouds? Was it hot?

V: Yes, it was hot. It was a hot day. There was no mist or rain or anything.

APRO: Now, this room you were in: I suppose it didn't take up the whole ten meters (eleven yards) of the disk's diameter?

V: It took up all of it. There were no divisions in the disk. It was empty.

APRO: I see. Did it have the shape of a disk inside?

V: Yes. The exterior shape was the interior shape.

APRO: Now, you said it was transparent. Does this include the roof and the floor?

V: All parts that I looked at to see outside were transparent. Not the roof or the floor.

APRO: But there must have been some instruments or something—

V: I didn't see any.

APRO: Didn't you ask them about this?

V: They said that they accumulated energy and that this ledge was all they needed to propel the vehicle.

APRO: This ledge encircled the whole vehicle?

V: Yes, right around.

APRO: How high was it?

V: Like a table. It had the height of a table.

APRO: And you touched it?

V: Yes.

APRO: What did it feel like?

V: Well, like the arm of an armchair—like this [touches armchair—RG.] Padded.

APRO: What color was it?

V: I don't remember.

APRO: What color was the disk from outside?

V: A sort of gray, brightish.

APRO: What was it made of?

V: I don't know. Well, it looked metallic but I couldn't know that.

APRO: And the floor where you were standing was flat?

V: Eh . . . no. It was slightly curved. It followed the curvature of the disk. The roof was curved also, but more so.

APRO: And there was nowhere to sit?

V: No.

APRO: They didn't sit down?

V: No.

APRO: Then what happened?

V: Well, shortly I felt the vehicle moving. It flew out over the coast; it went back and stopped again.

APRO: It flew out over the coast? Over the sea?

V: Yes, along the sea.

APRO: But then the door was closed?

V: When I went inside and looked around, there was no door.

APRO: Everything was transparent?

V: Yes.

APRO: Now, you said you felt the vehicle moving. Did it accelerate fast?

V: Well, for me it was rather fast, but they explained to me that they could take great maneuvers and turns due to their physical constitution. But I could not have withstood them. They flew out as if we were in a plane, circled for about three or four minutes—

APRO: Then you saw the road? You flew over it to get to the sea?

V: Yes, but I didn't see it. I could only see the horizon, the sea, over this ledge—this counter. We flew out over the sea, we returned, and the vehicle stopped in the same place.

APRO: More or less the same place. . . .

V: It looked the same to me.



APRO: What was the purpose of this flight?

V: I had asked them how they propelled themselves and they wanted to show me. You see, they found that I answered them. Then we came down again. We talked more, and again they asked to see my chief.

APRO: Just a moment. You came back to the same place. Did you get out immediately?

V: Yes, just about right away.

APRO: And there were only three creatures all the time?

V: I think so.

APRO: There were three at the beginning?

V: Yes.

APRO: You went inside with three of them?

V: Yes.

APRO: And when you went in, there was nobody else?

V: No.

APRO: So there were only three.

V: Yes.

APRO: Did you notice any differences among the three of them?

V: Size.

APRO: They had different sizes?

V: One was shorter. The other two were about one and a half meters (five feet) tall. One of them, one of the taller ones, divided himself. I saw him lay down and he divided himself down the middle and two smaller ones were formed. This was after we climbed down.

APRO: What happened after you got out of the disk?

V: After getting out of the disk they asked me again if I could get them to speak to my chief. They insisted on this. I told them I would try to do this, and they said something about returning the next day.

APRO: How did you get down from the vehicle?

V: I jumped.

APRO: It wasn't high?

V: No. The same height as before.

APRO: And the door opened again for you to go out?

V: When I turned to leave there was an opening there.

APRO: Did you get out before them?

V: I don't remember.

APRO: Were you afraid?

V: I was in a state where I was not under my own command. My heart was beating fast and I was just crazy to go home and tell my wife of what had happened. They were asking again to speak to my chief, and I was thinking of perhaps telling the press to see how I could get to see the President—as I knew nobody was going to believe me. Then they said they were leaving and would return to the same place at the same time the next day, and I got hold of one of the small creatures—

APRO: Just a moment. How was that about the small creatures again?

V: One of the creatures lay down on the ground and started getting thinner down the middle until he was divided into two smaller creatures, which got up. They were like the larger ones, only nearly half the size.

APRO: They also had one leg?

V: Yes.

APRO: Didn't this event surprise you?

V: A great deal.

APRO: Why did they do this?

V: Because I asked them if they could. . . . I asked them if they never got bored of being eternal. They told me that their lives were eternal . . . they never died . . . and I asked them how they managed . . . and they said whenever they liked they could divide themselves into two creatures with the same experiences. They did this in front of me and they remained two creatures.

APRO: And what did you do?

V: I got hold of one. I hugged him.

APRO: Didn't he resist?

V: He released a sort of liquid, sort of soapy, and was able to slip out of my grip—so I released him and they all climbed aboard the . . . the disk.

APRO: Why did you do this?

V: I felt I wanted him to stay so I could take him with me. I



imagined I would become rich [smiling—RG]. I would have proof then.

APRO: But didn't it occur to you that he wouldn't permit this?

V: I don't know. They didn't seem bad . . . and I only wanted to stay with one of them till the next day. This would be proof. . . .

APRO: But why did you grab him? You could have asked first?

V: I don't know. I was not myself. I wasn't coordinating properly.

APRO: Did you feel inferior or superior to them?

V: Inferior.

APRO: Then why did you grab him?

V: I was not in complete command of my normal self. I don't know.

APRO: What did they say when you grabbed him?

V: Nothing.

APRO: They said nothing else?

V: No. I felt a sort of shudder because of this liquid; I released him and they boarded the disk.

APRO: And they said nothing?

V: No. We had already agreed. . . . They had said they were returning the next day.

APRO: At the same time?

V: At the same time.

APRO: And you were going to bring your . . . chief?

V: But I returned alone the next day, because when I got home . . . when I left there—

APRO: One moment. They boarded the disk and you were left alone?

V: I was alone.

APRO: Did the door close?

V: It might have. . . . I don't know—I didn't see it. I retreated. The disk rose and flew in a semicircle, and was lost over the sea.

APRO: It flew over the sea? Fast?

V: At first a bit slowly and then very fast.

APRO: There was no noise?

V: No. It inclined at about thirty degrees, made a semicircle as if it were going toward the hills, turned toward the sea, picked up great speed, and disappeared.

APRO: Did it leave any marks on the sand?

V: No.

APRO: But marks from the creatures?

V: Yes, there were their marks, because they had been there; it was very soft sand.

APRO: They themselves actually touched the sand, didn't they?

V: Yes, they touched the sand, but they didn't leave steps—but sort of undulations.

APRO: Could they move along fast, like you?

V: Like me, yes.

APRO: And how did they move then?

V: . . . Like dancers.

APRO: And the disk left no marks. Was there any smell?

V: No. There was no smell or noise.

APRO: What did you do then?

V: I stayed there a minute or two and then started back and began running toward my car. I was covered with sweat.

APRO: You were afraid?

V: My hands were shaking. I climbed into the car. I sat there a while until I began recovering. I went home and went to bed.

APRO: What time was it when you got to your car, more or less?

V: I don't exactly know, but it must have been about. . . .

APRO: Well, how long did the . . . did it last?

V: About half an hour. I went home. My wife was there. I was feeling funny so I went to bed, and I told her of what had happened.

APRO: What did she say about it?

V: She was very surprised. She knew I didn't drink—otherwise it could have been a drunk story. I don't deny that I have a drink sometimes, but I have never been seen drunk or out of control. I told her what had happened but in a jumbled way. Not like now. Now I have complete control to think clearly,



but at the time my mind was jumping from one thing to another. Later I told my friends. They all told me I had had a hallucination, I'd been seeing things, I'd been in the sun too long. . . .

APRO: Did you actually feel conscious during the experience?

V: Yes. Although I was not in complete control of myself. I was under some sort of force . . . I don't know what to call it. . . . It wasn't spiritual . . . eh . . . I think that if I had been myself I would not have had the ability to go and speak to them. I would have run away, but at that moment I felt I was not depending on myself.

APRO: Thinking about the experience later, did you think of it as a dream? During a dream we feel it is reality but later, when we awaken, we know it was unreal. How did you remember the incident?

V: I know what you mean. For me, it was no dream, but I would like to believe that it was. I mean, for my peace of mind.

APRO: Do you think it is possible that you experienced . . . an hallucination?

V: It's possible.

APRO: Have you ever had hallucinations on other occasions?

V: Not that I know of.

APRO: Was there any reason why you might have had one at that time? Did you have any serious problems, or something might have—

V: Well, I had just seen one of my trucks, which cost a load of money, severely damaged, and no doubt I suffered an emotional impact.

APRO: Was the truck insured?

V: Yes, I always insured the trucks.

APRO: So you lost nothing?

V: Well, I lost nearly nothing. The insurance never pays back completely.

APRO: And you were quite upset about the whole thing?

V: Yes, very much. Not only that, but I had already had several trucks involved in accidents around that time.

APRO: Do you think this business of the truck might have been the cause of an hallucination?

V: . . . Who knows? I don't want to say no, but I want my peace of mind. . . .

APRO: During all these years, has the incident been bothering you, bothering you in any way?

V: No, never. But it set me thinking and meditating a lot, and I have been following the news in the newspaper, some of which confirmed a number of things which I had . . . suspected.

APRO: Have you ever read a book on flying saucers?

V: No. But I have talked about them many times.

APRO: Have you ever heard of a man named George Adam-  
ski? [George Adamski, now deceased, was a man who not only claimed contact with space entities but also claimed he had actually traveled to and from other planets with them.]

V: No, I have heard of nobody—let alone at that time—who had experienced . . .

APRO: But since that time there have been. You have never heard of people that have been inside flying saucers?

V: No, I've read in the papers how they have been appearing . . . in New Mexico, in Canada, in Chile. . . .

APRO: And you've never read about the people who have been on board? There are people who claim to have been on board.

V: No, I don't remember ever reading that.

APRO: So, as far as you know yours is the only such case?

V: Yes.

APRO: I see. Did you ever talk to the press at that time?

V: No, no, no. I returned the next day, alone. At the same time. No, it was an hour earlier, more or less. I left the car, and went with my wife—no, I went alone. I went because I wanted to convince myself. I stayed there . . .

APRO: Convince yourself of what?

V: That it was true.

APRO: Or that it wasn't?

V: Or that it wasn't. I am not pretending to say this is true, I am not pretending this for one moment.

APRO: So you returned?

V: Yes. But I only went about halfway to the place where I had thought the vehicle had been from the road.

APRO: Why?

V: Why? Well, because the area was so large that I would



have seen it anyway. It was not necessary for me to return to the exact spot.

APRO: But the marks?

V: No, I didn't find the marks. That's a very big place and there are marks all over the place.

APRO: All over the place? People don't go walking all over the sand.

V: Yes, but the wind blows any marks away—

APRO: But you weren't sure of that. Besides, in the summer there is no wind.

V: Yes, there is wind.

APRO: But if you were so . . . so eager to know if it was true or not, you could have tried to find the marks.

V: I could have, but you see those sands go on for kilometers and kilometers; well, not so much, but that stretch is about three kilometers [two miles] and when I returned I was not sure of the exact spot. I went about halfway—and I was a bit frightened. I was scared that day. And I was, actually, pleased when they did not return.

APRO: How long did you wait?

V: I don't remember exactly but it was quite a while. It was a long time.

APRO: When the vehicle did not return, did you think that possibly you had imagined the whole thing?

V: Yes.

APRO: How did you feel when you thought this? Did it bother you?

V: It worried me a lot. I thought I might have been . . . I had imagined the whole thing. I am not a man that believes in nonsense.

APRO: You are a businessman?

V: Yes.

APRO: What do you do nowadays?

V: I work in the construction industry. I build and sell the properties, usually with a partner. I also construct and sell on my own account.

APRO: You have your own house I believe. And a yacht.

V: Well, my sailing boat that has sleeping quarters is termed a yacht, but to call this a yacht would be to give the impression that I'm a millionaire.

APRO: Tell me, did you see a doctor over your experience?

V: Not specifically. But later on I had psychiatric treatment. I don't say—how can I explain it—I was feeling very sorry for myself; I was feeling very tired and losing my taste for things.

APRO: Your taste for things?

V: Yes, like when you eat and it's the same to you if you eat chicken or bread.

APRO: When did this begin? Did it come after this experience? Soon after?

V: It came maybe one year afterwards. You see, I have always had to work very hard. My father died soon after I was born, and I had a lot of responsibilities, and I had to maintain practically three families. I was the head of family for three families. This constant work, without vacations, had me under a nervous state. I was running two or three businesses at the same time. It reached a point where I was so tired . . . I went to see a psychiatrist; I know that you don't go to see one because you are crazy. We all have something in our minds, and I wanted the doctor to explain to me how come all the analyses showed that I had nothing wrong with me.

APRO: Did you tell the psychiatrist about your experience?

V: Yes.

APRO: What did he say?

V: He said that my mind had probably worked in a way to please me. Being tired, my mind had imagined the experience, like a dream, to bring me gratification.

APRO: When you told the doctor about the experience, did you do it thinking that maybe the experience was the cause of your condition? That they might have been connected?

V: No. Psychiatrists have a way of talking, they are like lawyers; they ask you all sorts of different things and this came out in the conversation. I myself did not connect the two things, but he asked me what I had dreamed, what I thought, and so on.

APRO: How long did this condition last?

V: Well, every year or every two years I would fall back into the same thing. I would begin to feel very tired as I never took vacations. I went to the doctor, he gave me pills to pep me up in the day, others to make me sleep at night, and said there was nothing wrong with me except for my nervous condition. You have probably noticed that I am a nervous type. [I'd noticed nothing of the sort—RG.] Later, I had a very serious operation which had me in the hospital for over a month and I had a lot of time to think. . . .



APRO: What was the operation?

V: It was to do with my appendix. It got infected, and was very serious. I was a month in hospital, and then four or five months in bed. I then realized that I profited nothing from my work, and that if God gave me my life I would change it. Later I bought a boat, learned to fish, and worked half days. I enjoyed life like I had never done before.

APRO: How old were you when you had the strange experience?

V: Well, I am 48 now. I was thirty. I have never ever seen anything else; no other flying saucers, or anything.

APRO: Do you think that your experience was real?

V: I have asked myself that question thousands of times. I am a very light sleeper; I sleep with one eye open, as they say. I lie down and start thinking, and there in bed I solve all my problems. I have thought this matter over a great deal, but I have never come to the point where I can say "Yes, I swear."

APRO: Didn't you make notes of your experience shortly after it happened?

V: No. You see, I told it and retold it so many times to my friends, who all said I had imagined it, that I lost the true details myself.

APRO: Maybe your wife would remember more things? Maybe what you said to her on that first night . . . ?

V: She has heard it repeated many times also. . . . One thing that I thought was strange is that, well, I am not an extremely cultured person. I have only had three years of commercial studies. In other words, I am completely divorced from scientific things. But later, in conversation with friends, professionals, they have explained things to me such as photosynthesis, changes of temperature which can create energy to propel a vehicle in such a way (as they had told me) that any given weight could be applied to a vehicle. So, I have presumed that a vehicle weighing, say, one thousand kilos [eleven tons] could be reduced to a weight of one kilo (2.2 pounds) with the same mass, and this would enable it to travel at great speed.

APRO: It is rather odd, don't you think, that they came down out there in the desert when they could have come down in Plaza San Martín [Lima's main square—RG].

V: Yes, very strange.

APRO: They didn't give an explanation for that?

V: No. They never explained why they came down where they did.

APRO: They waited till you reached the vehicle to come out?

V: Yes, because when I was on the way over nobody came out. But as I was getting close they came out.

APRO: These creatures also had to jump on to the ground when coming out?

V: Yes. They jumped down.

APRO: You never told the press then? Or publicized the incident much?

V: No, not at all. But I have a personal interest in the fact that knowledgeable people tell me that I might have actually lived the experience, imagined it or thought it. Maybe I had an hallucination.

APRO: However, you have never taken any steps in that direction. You did not go to the psychiatrist specifically for that.

V: No, not specifically. In fact I had dropped the whole thing until other people started bringing the whole thing up again.

APRO: Which people?

V: Well, about six years ago an engineer friend of mine heard about it and we spent a whole afternoon going over it. Then about three months ago he again talked with me about it. And just a few days ago, two weeks, Mr. Paz [Instituto Peruano Relaciones Interplanetarias] started asking me about the incident, as he had heard of it from someone. But I consider this a very serious thing, and I am frightened now of being ridiculed.

APRO: Would you be agreeable to submit yourself to a . . . a special examination to try and determine the truth?

V: Yes, yes I would. In this way I would know the truth, one way or another. It's good to know that—and it's been many years now.

APRO: Tell me—supposing that the incident is true, do you think it is possible that the voice you heard was not in Spanish or in English?

V: Well, I only speak English and Spanish.

APRO: Of course. But might it not have been telepathy?

V: Well, maybe . . . it might have been. You see, I was not completely myself. I don't know. I thought it was in English and Spanish, and it has never occurred to me before that we conversed telepathically. It is possible, however. I want to state that I would be willing to pay for the fare to wherever you say, your organization, in the United States. . . .

APRO: You would be willing yourself to pay to travel to the United States to undergo an analysis to try and determine the truth?

V: Yes, I would.



APRO: Using, perhaps, hypnosis?

V: Yes, so long as it would not be a permanent one (smiling). I know that the subconscious knows much more than our conscious minds and cannot lie. If our minds lie or invent things, our subconsciouses tell the real truth.

APRO: And you are quite willing to undergo this?

V: Yes. I would pay for my trip. You give me quarters, that's all.

APRO: Tell me now, do you remember their last words?

V: What I remember is them saying they would be back the next day at the same time—and they reminded me of my promise to bring my chief. I insisted that my chief was the President of the Republic, that it was very difficult to reach him, that the President was not available to me. But I said I would do what I could. At this moment I had the firm intention of going to the press, creating a rumpus, and coming back with someone.

APRO: And what did they say after that?

V: Nothing. Then I embraced one of the small creatures and they got back into the craft and left.

APRO: Now, when you grabbed the small creature, didn't they notice a certain aggression on your part?

V: Well, I didn't do it in an aggressive manner. I just grabbed him, and in that moment I *thought* this would be my . . . my proof.

APRO: You wanted to take him away?

V: I wanted to keep him.

APRO: So when you grabbed the creature they didn't interpret this as a form of aggression?

V: If I had been thinking clearly and rationally I would have asked them to let one stay with me to prove the incident. I would look after him and answer with my life. But I just could not think.

APRO: When you grabbed him they were already returning to the craft?

V: Yes, they were leaving.

APRO: You were close to the craft?

V: Yes. About ten or twelve steps.

APRO: So they took no notice when you did this?

V: They took no notice. The little one went with them into the craft. There were four creatures then.

APRO: How did they look seen from behind?

1. Humanoid form. Like as if they were inside skin-suits.

2. And what color was their skin?

3. A sort of gray. Like a towel, I thought at first that this was a sort of clothing but it wasn't.

\* \* \*

The discussion between C.A.V. and your representative ended here. I would like to mention the following:

I am convinced of this man's sincerity. I do not believe that he is inventing the incident, for the following reasons:

1. He would have pretended the incident happened recently, not eighteen years ago. (Of course, there is the possibility that he invented it eighteen years ago and now cannot change the story.)

2. He has not sought publicity over the incident and does not want to. The business has brought him more anxiety than anything else.

3. He is not an extremely rich man, but he is a man of means, owning several properties, a small yacht, and able to travel. He would not invent such a story to obtain money.

4. He readily admits that the incident might not be true and he is willing to undergo analysis. If it were invented he would not be so.

5. I just naturally believe him. I think he is honest.

However, it seems to me that the possibility of a hallucination is great. Please study this case history and advise if you wish to take any steps in further investigation. Maybe there are more questions you would want to ask him first? He is willing to travel to the States for any tests you wish to make on him. He has agreed that you may publish his experience, but requests that you do this in a scientific manner, and would prefer it after you make a study of the case. I said I will contact him in due course about these matters. I enclose a photograph of him.

At the time of this writing the case of Mr. C.A.V. is still under study. It is almost a certainty that he will be brought to the United States eventually for questioning under hypnotic trance, but it is felt that a psychiatrist of his own culture and background could best accomplish the preliminary tests and interview.

Although there exists the possibility that C.A.V. had an hallucination, there is also evidence that he had a real experience. Usually, in the case of those who hallucinate UFO occupants, these occupants are pleasing to look at and after the psychic experience is ended the principal feels relieved and happy. In C.A.V.'s case, however, the years since his experience have been punctuated by periods of anxiety (which he attributed to overwork). Also, his willingness to do anything,



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# Abducted!

ASTONISHING,  
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CONFRONTATIONS  
WITH BEINGS FROM  
OUTER SPACE

CORAL AND JIM LORENZEN  
FOR THE AERIAL PHENOMENAL  
RESEARCH ORGANIZATION



## V

### The North Dakota Abduction

ON AUGUST 26, 1975, Mrs. Sandra Larson of Fargo, North Dakota, left her home at 3:15 A.M. in the company of her daughter Jackie and a friend. The friend, who was driving, does not wish to be identified, so hereafter we shall refer to him as Larry Mahoney, a pseudonym given him by the investigator. Mrs. Larson, who worked as a country-western singer and also as a part-time cocktail waitress, was due to take a real-estate test at Bismarck, two hundred miles away. The trio expected to arrive in Bismarck at about 7:00 A.M. in plenty of time to have breakfast before proceeding to the appointment. But on the way, they saw something that delayed their arrival.

They were driving along Interstate 94, about forty-five miles west of Fargo and about two miles past the Buffalo-Alice exit when they saw a brilliant flash which seemed to illuminate the entire sky. It was followed by a rumbling sound which was like thunder but much louder. The time was shortly after 4:00 A.M.

Shocked and confused, all three looked out the left window and saw eight to ten orange, round, glowing objects coming from the south and moving east, losing altitude as they flew. Their trajectory was straight and the highest object was considerably larger than the rest, giving the impression, as Jackie later described it, of "little balls coming out of the big one." No detail was visible, the objects

giving the appearance of brilliant globes as bright as the sun with "puffs of smoke around each one." At a point where they were approximately fifty yards apart at about twenty feet in altitude, the globes abruptly began their descent just above a grove of trees and three or four of them shot off into the sky at high speed. The witnesses could not explain the half object, but the explanation is that one of the objects broke apart. An alternate explanation would be that if the objects were disc-shaped, they were first seen with their largest surface toward the witnesses and when the four left, one was in a different flight attitude than the others; i.e., viewed edge-

At any rate, the three witnesses gave no thought to where the remaining objects had gone. At that moment, Sandra had a strange sensation in her head and told Larry "it seemed like I was standing still when I looked at it. It seemed like I was hardly movin' in the car and I was doin' at least fifty. Just seemed like I was frozen for a second." Another strange aspect was that Jackie, who had been sitting between Larry and her mother, in the front seat, was now sitting in the middle of the back seat. At the time they were too shaken by the experience to realize something was very wrong. A camper truck with Texas license plates was ahead of them and Larry pulled alongside and asked the occupants, a middle-aged couple, "Did you see that?" They indicated that they had, but would not stop to discuss the matter further.

The trio drove on to Tower City and stopped at a truckstop service station and Larry called the highway patrol. The officer who took the call merely laughed off Mahoney's account and, discouraged, Larry hung up the phone and headed back to the car. Meanwhile, Sandy looked at a clock on the wall of the station and felt strangely disturbed; the clock read 5:23, a full hour later than it should have been. She had thought the sighting had lasted only a few seconds at most, but something was amiss.

Although no one learned their identity, a carload of college students pulled into the station shortly after Sandra, Larry, and Jackie had resumed their journey in Sandra's 1970 Plymouth Barracuda. The students reportedly told the attendant about eight glowing objects they



had just seen minutes before along the highway. This was learned by investigator Jerome Clark while backtracking the route of the Larsons and Mahoney.

As time went by, Sandra Larson continued to be troubled by the UFO sighting and discussed it with friends, some of whom took her seriously, while others merely laughed at her account. Then, on October 20, she saw the NBC movie, *The UFO Incident*, which was based on the story of Betty and Barney Hill (see the Introduction) which involved an experience of time loss. Although she had previously chosen not to dwell on the apparent loss of time, she was now forced to face the issue squarely and became increasingly concerned, and confided the sighting and apparent time-lapse incident to Bob Becker, whom she knew was interested in the UFO subject. Becker, in turn, told Jerome Clark, a responsible veteran UFO researcher, and he eventually contacted Mrs. Larson and obtained an interview. Convinced that the three people had had an unusual experience, Mr. Clark telephoned Dr. R. Lee Sprinkle, a professor of psychology at the University of Wyoming and APRO's consultant in psychology, and asked him to regress Mrs. Larson hypnotically in order to learn whether or not there was a loss of time and, if so, what had happened during that time.

The arrangements were made and Dr. Sprinkle put Sandra under hypnosis four times—on December 4, 5, and 6, 1975, and again on January 18, 1976. During the first session Sandra was not an ideal subject, probably because of her fear of what the probing would reveal. However, very early in the session it was obvious that there was more to her experience than she consciously recalled. The following transcript of the tape-recording defines the first information to be gleaned:

**Sandy:** We were all driving, talking and having a good time. And all of a sudden out of the sky there came a big light, lit up the trees and the road. Then there was a rumble. It was so loud to my ears I could have just—I thought it was lightning or thunder. Then there was a rumble of round things. They came down. (Pause)

**Sprinkle:** Do you see what's happening now?"

**Sandy:** It's blank.

**Sprinkle:** Something happened, but it's hard to know what it was?

**Sandy:** I don't know. (Pause)

**Sprinkle:** Is it all right to let yourself know what it is that

**Sandy:** Yes.

**Sprinkle:** Okay, just go ahead and describe what it was that happened.

**Sandy:** I feel like something's pulling at me...

**Sprinkle:** Can you describe the feeling you have?

**Sandy:** It feels like my head is gonna explode.

**Sprinkle:** What will happen if that occurs?

**Sandy:** I don't know...the thoughts go through my

**Sprinkle:** I feel like I don't want to repeat them.

**Sprinkle:** Do they seem strange or bad?

**Sandy:** Strange.

**Sprinkle:** worked to put Sandy into a deeper hypnotic state. This accomplished, he asked, "Are there images and impressions which come to mind?"

**Sandy:** Yeah.... It's like a head is looking at me from right—not high up, but—[indicates three or four feet]...it's not like a face. It's like a...like Band-aids over a head or wrapping.

**Mrs. Larson** complained over and over again about a spinning sensation that had the effect of making her feel nauseated. She said that the "mummy," as she came to call it, had removed her clothing and took an X-ray "through my tummy."

After this first session, at the suggestion of Mr. Clark, Sandra told Dr. Sprinkle of a "dream" she had had on December 2, 1975. She awoke suddenly at 6:00 A.M., convinced that something, in some way, linked to her UFO experience had taken place during the night. "It's just like before I woke up," she told Clark and Sprinkle. She said she had fleeting memories of some kind of "mental" exchange about subjects such as people and soap.

When Sprinkle asked her if she had had similar dreams before, she said, "No, never."

Whether it was a dream or not, Mrs. Larson did recall that earlier that evening she and her nine-year-old son and a friend of his had seen a light which resembled a "shooting star" which came out of the sky and moved in a half-circular trajectory. She said she would have dismissed it as a meteor had it not been for the fact that it made a buzzing or hissing sound.



On the afternoon of December 5, Sprinkle and Jackie returned to the Larson home to continue the investigation at which time Jackie told them that while the hypnosis session of the fourth was taking place, she had sensed some kind around her. Neither Sprinkle nor Clark took Jackie's claims very seriously, feeling that they were probably related to her worries about the sighting. However, in the next couple of hours, they were to hear more about Jackie's claims, which only added to the puzzle. Sprinkle put Jackie into a trance, and began by having her recount the details of the August 26, 1975, sighting. Like her mother, she described a feeling of disorientation followed by a sensation of numbness.

*Jackie:* Something was there but I didn't know what.

*Sprinkle:* How did it look to you? How did it feel?

*Jackie:* It was holding me back.

*Sprinkle:* Where was it holding you?"

*Jackie:* Everywhere.

*Sprinkle:* Like a force or a person or...

*Jackie:* A force...it wouldn't quit holding me. It wouldn't let me move...I'm just stuck there...just an invisible force.

*Sprinkle:* Did something happen then?

*Jackie:* I stood there.

*Sprinkle:* Did you see what was around you as you stood there?"

*Jackie:* Just open space.

*Sprinkle:* Open space, as if you were out in a field? Or as if you were inside the room or something?

*Jackie:* Outside...I was standing in the field and I couldn't move.

*Sprinkle:* That invisible force held you?

*Jackie:* Yeah, I just stayed there until they let the force go.

*Sprinkle:* What happened after they let the force go?

*Jackie:* We talked to the camper.

*Sprinkle:* Before they let the force go, did you see what was happening to the others? Your friend and your mother? What was happening to them?

*Jackie:* I couldn't see 'em.

*Sprinkle:* You couldn't see them? They weren't there?

*Jackie:* Not around me. I was alone...

*Sprinkle:* When you were out in the field, could you see anything? Could you see a car or a camper or the objects? Just the field.

*Jackie:* Nothing around you that you could see?

*Sprinkle:* Some trees. Far away.

*Jackie:* Did you have the feeling that you walked out and walked back?

*Jackie:* No, I just got there.

*Sprinkle:* You were just there and then later you were in the car but with no way of knowing how you got there?

*Jackie:* Yeah.

Jackie told the same story again while in a trance on January 17. Apparently, she had been taken into a field where the UFOs were sighted, restrained or paralyzed in some unknown manner, while Sandra and Larry went elsewhere. Sprinkle examined the UFO sighting story as thoroughly as possible, then began to question Jackie about the alleged events of the previous evening while her mother was in a trance. She said she had sensed shadowy, invisible figures, one in the bedroom and many others outside the house, who wanted her to follow them somewhere. She refused, she said, telling them she needed to sleep. Then, after her mother's session, Sprinkle and Clark left and Jackie and her mother went out to get a hamburger. Sprinkle asked about that.

*Sprinkle:* When you went outside, you sensed there were several of them?

*Jackie:* Yeah, and they were scaring me.

*Sprinkle:* Could you sense how many there were?

*Jackie:* Everywhere, they were...

*Sprinkle:* Did they say why they wanted to frighten you?

*Jackie:* They didn't talk...

*Sprinkle:* If I asked them a question, do you think they would answer me?

*Jackie:* I don't know. They didn't answer me....

*Sprinkle:* Why didn't you ask them if they would answer a question from us?

*Jackie:* They just made it hurt more.

*Sprinkle:* Do you feel that hurt now? Does your body feel hurt?

*Jackie:* My arm...my right one hurts.

*Sprinkle:* Your right one hurts as if somebody's holding on—



*Jackie:* My shoulder.

*Sprinkle:* As if somebody's holding it or somebody is putting pressure on it?

*Jackie:* Uh-huh.

Clark and Becker, who observed this session, said they were quite frankly terrified by what they saw. Jackie squirmed and tears ran down her face as she professed her Christian beliefs, which malevolent forces seemed to have in contempt. The pain in her shoulder and foot continued and Sprinkle performed a sort of "exorcism" as he urged Jackie to call on "higher spirits," forcing the others to withdraw. She emerged from the trance somewhat shaken but in a cheerful mood which lasted for several weeks.

Clark could not see the significance of what Jackie experienced while in the struggle with the "figures" and pointed out that it could have been imaginary, psychological in nature, or a projection of an unresolved problem in Jackie's unconscious mind. Another possibility loomed—that the impression may have been planted there deliberately, for some unknown reason. At least they are reminiscent of other cases where people have experienced poltergeist (noisy ghost) activity or apparitions of one sort or another after seeing a UFO. (See Chapter XI.)

Another hypnotic session with Mrs. Larson took place later that day in which she said the "mummy" had performed some kind of operation on her (she referred to the entity as "he," though she couldn't explain why) and had done something to her brain. She again described sensations of dizziness and spinning.

*Sprinkle:* Did you have a feeling of what kind of experiment it was?

*Sandy:* I felt like I breathed different...it was like somebody took the knife and made the inside of my nose sore.

*Sprinkle:* Made the inside of your nose sore?

*Sandy:* Scraped it...

*Sprinkle:* Did you see anybody touching your nose?

*Sandy:* Uh-huh.

*Sprinkle:* Could you see hands?

*Sandy:* No.

*Sprinkle:* Could you see an instrument of some kind?

*Sandy:* Yeah.

*Sprinkle:* Can you describe it?

*Sandy:* I would say like a little knife or like a cotton

*Sprinkle:* Not very big, but something that was placed in your nose?

*Sandy:* Uh-huh.

A curious note concerning this information is that sometime prior to the UFO sighting Sandra had had a surgical operation for a sinus condition. It was very painful and its effects lasted only two months. She had been scheduled for additional treatment but elected not to go through the discomfort again, and the sinus trouble continued. She claims that since the UFO sighting she has had no further problems in that area.)

*Sprinkle:* Is there anything else you can recall about the examination?

*Sandy:* It felt like they were separating me.... Felt like they reached their hand on the top of my head and took the brain out and set it beside me...

*Sprinkle:* Do you remember looking and seeing at that time?

*Sandy:* No.

*Sprinkle:* It felt as if the brain was taken out?

*Sandy:* It did for a minute.

On the afternoon of December 6, Sprinkle conducted the third session with Mrs. Larson during which she described floating into a craft, finding herself strapped to a table, and seeing the occupant's metallic arms. She thought the occupant had a glow about his head and shoulders. At one point when the creature turned its back to do something on what appeared to be a control panel containing knobs and buttons, the back of his head lit up. "He" appeared to Sandy to be about six feet tall and at one time during the experience he shined a light in her eyes.

Before ending the session, Sprinkle began to probe for details of Sandy's "dream" of December 2, and she told of being drawn into a "black ball" and riding somewhere. In describing the ride she told of three or four trees which were strange-appearing, and also of sand.

*Sprinkle:* Three or four things that looked like trees?

*Sandy:* Only skinny. Like one of those trees with white bark on 'em.

*Sprinkle:* Like an aspen tree? Or a birch?

*Sandy:* Yeah. Real skinny ones.



*Sprinkle:* As if they were on sand or in sand?

*Sandy:* On the sand.

*Sprinkle:* And did you see it as you were looking outside the black ball?

*Sandy:* It was like I was outside the black ball.

*Sprinkle:* This was after the ride?

*Sandy:* It looked like you look at the moon and it looks different.

*Sprinkle:* The moon looked different, or the atmosphere? The light looked different?

*Sandy:* Like the moon is what gives 'em their light.

*Sprinkle:* It gives them a special look? So the light on the trees seemed to have had a special look like moonlight on them?

*Sandy:* Uh-huh.

*Clark:* Was it our moon or another moon?

*Sandy:* I don't know. Like maybe a moon that starts there all the time... but it was not like the light we get from our sun.... It was like when a full moon's outside. Only brighter.

*Sprinkle:* You told Jerry about the field? And then the trees, the thin trees, and then the sand?

*Sandy:* Where it seems they took me.

*Sprinkle:* Where it seems you were taken? And what field was this?

*Sandy:* I don't know. I connect it with about Third Street North, um, and Fifteenth Avenue. It was like it wasn't far away.

*Sprinkle:* You thought you were taken there last Monday night [December 1]?

*Sandy:* Uh-huh.

*Sprinkle:* While you were sleeping, you felt you were taken there? Were you awakened?

*Sandy:* It was like there were people there that I didn't know.

*Clark:* Are they people you know?

*Sandy:* No.

*Sprinkle:* The beings from the UFO? The ones that gave you thoughts that they might come again?

*Sandy:* Uh-huh.

*Sprinkle:* Did you have the feeling that they came again and got you? They took you with them?

*Sandy:* I think I did go with 'em.

From the beginning Sandy had told Dr. Sprinkle that she was convinced that "they" would come back and get her. She could not recall actually being told that, in so many words, and implied that it was a suggestion given via the therapy.

Unfortunately, at this point, Dr. Sprinkle was forced to return to Laramie because of job-related responsibilities. But he and Clark had come to the conclusion that the Larson case was a potentially high-yield case. Because of her obvious discomfort at reliving the experience, not a lot of substantial information had been elicited to date, so the team decided to have another try. On January 17, 1976, Clark and Sprinkle arrived at Fargo and were met by Dr. J. Allen Hynek of the Northwestern University Department of Astronomy and John Coleman of the ABC-TV network in Chicago. They met with Jackie at a Fargo motel that evening (Mrs. Larson was working) and she repeated what she had told Sprinkle and Clark before, leading Sprinkle and Clark to reject the idea that the girl was simply repressing her memory of a more fantastic experience.

The next day, January 18, Mrs. Larson was put into trance again, and Sprinkle took her back through the original sighting. When he asked her what had happened to the UFOs they had seen approaching the ground, she told him simply that they had landed.

Although a landing had been implied this was the first time that it had been definitely stated. She said that when the objects landed the car "stopped automatically" and that she began feeling dizzy and had a sensation of floating. The transcript of this part of the session is most revealing.

*Sandy:* I saw the car being brought right up to it. Like the car was pulled.

*Sprinkle:* The car seemed pulled up to what?

*Sandy:* Whatever it was that was out there.

*Hynek:* Were the lights still there at this time?

*Sandy:* A couple of them.

*Hynek:* Did they seem to stay the same brightness or did they get dimmer or brighter?

*Sandy:* I don't know. It was like the brightness didn't bother them.

*Sprinkle:* And the car was pulled up to it?

*Sandy:* Just a little ways away...



*Sprinkle:* How big was the UFO? Bigger than a house.  
*Sandy:* A big round house.

*Sprinkle:* Was it on the ground?

*Sandy:* It was kind of like a few feet off...

She then described a numbness all over her body, as though someone had taken control of her, and then floating into the UFO. As is often the case in these experiences, possibly because of the effect of the "control," Mrs. Larson does not remember exactly how she entered the object. Her next recollection was of lying on a low, narrow table and seeing Larry Mahoney strapped against a vertical "table" which seemed to be attached to a wall. Jackie, her daughter, was not there.

*Hynek:* What was happening to you? Was something happening to you?

*Sandy:* It was like they were looking at me.

*Hynek:* Could you see them looking at you?

*Sandy:* Yeah...

*Hynek:* What were your feelings about that?

*Sandy:* I didn't have much choice.

*Hynek:* Did they at any time say anything to you?

*Sandy:* It was like there was communication.

*Hynek:* Did they tell you or communicate with you that you would not remember this, that it was secret?

*Sandy:* Not then.

*Hynek:* They did later?

*Sandy:* Yeah.

Mrs. Larson recalls that her clothing had been removed and some sort of instrument applied an alcohol-like substance to her body, whereupon she felt cold. Then the knife was inserted into her nose and it scraped the inside.

*Hynek:* Were there many persons or beings there at that time?

*Sandy:* It was like there was one that was doing it.

*Hynek:* Were your eyes closed at that time?

*Sandy:* Yeah.

*Hynek:* Did you ever see at all what they looked like?

*Sandy:* Yeah. They were big.

*Hynek:* What sort of suits or things were they wearing?

*Sandy:* Maybe a rubber, like...

*Hynek:* Tell us what the face looked like. Like ordinary people? Or what was the particularly strange thing about the face?

*Sandy:* The glaring of the eyes. It seemed like their eyes controlled my brain.

*Hynek:* I see. Did they blink their eyes as you and I did, or did they just stare?

*Sandy:* Stare...

*Sprinkle:* What other things happened during the communication? You say there was a scraping in the nose?

*Sandy:* Yeah.

*Sprinkle:* Okay, what else?

*Sandy:* It's like they opened my head and examined my brain.

*Sprinkle:* Did you see how that was done?

*Sandy:* They started to put something numb on me...

*Clark:* Did you see some instrument they were using to open up your head?

*Sandy:* It was like they could just draw it right out.

*Clark:* They could draw your brains right out?

*Sandy:* Like there were just plugs that they could unplug, and then pull it right out.

*Sprinkle:* Did it feel as if it was thoughts that were being pulled out or feelings being pulled out? Knowledge or—?

*Sandy:* It was like they wanted to connect something back different, when they put it back.

*Sprinkle:* Did you feel that you were put back differently?

*Sandy:* Yeah.

*Sprinkle:* Could you tell what the difference is?

*Sandy:* (pause) I'm not sure...

*Sprinkle:* Did you feel as if you were a different person inside?

*Sandy:* Seems like I couldn't control what I wanted to say.

*Sprinkle:* That it was as if you responded to what they asked you or what they said?

*Sandy:* Like at first I wanted to leave, but then it was just—I didn't really care.

*Sprinkle:* What did they say to you?

*Sandy:* Just that the communication would be over in a little while and then I could leave.

*Clark:* Did a voice say that?

*Sandy:* No.

*Sprinkle:* How did the communication take place?

*Sandy:* (pause) Like a thought between two people, when



you know what the other person's gonna say.

Sandy was floated back out to the car, and apparently Larry was too, after what seemed to be about a half hour inside the object. She found herself back inside the car which was now in the ditch about two hundred feet from the road. Unfortunately, it was unclear how the car got onto the road, but it was obvious that when the car got back on the road the trio had no memory of the events which took place between the initial UFO sighting and then Mr. Larson did not remember a precise suggestion or command that she forget, but she felt there may have been a subtle one which, coupled with the mind's natural tendency to repress a frightening experience, contributed to her memory loss.

When that session ended, all the observers were happy with the results, but Clark was convinced there was more information to be obtained. However, Dr. Sprinkle had to return to Laramie and Hynek was not interested in pursuing the matter further. Clark was particularly curious about Sandra's references to the UFO-nauts in the plural despite the fact that she only saw one, and wondered if some subsequent event—such as what might have occurred on the night of December 2—could shed some light on that aspect.

Dr. Sprinkle urged Mr. Clark to conduct further sessions in his absence even though Clark was dubious about the prospects. Sprinkle had taught Clark the methods and finally succeeded in convincing Clark that he should carry on. Three weeks later, on February 8, Clark began the project and Sandy, having become quite adept at slipping into trance, became an ideal subject, answering his questions with ease.

She told Clark that on December 2, 1975, she had retired at 2:30 A.M., about four hours after seeing the starlike object. Sometime later, probably between 3:00 A.M. and 4:00 A.M., she woke to find two beings, identical to the one she had seen on August 26, 1975, standing beside her bed. When they stood on either side of her, she said, she was "magnetized" and they floated her *through the wall* to a field several blocks distant where a glowing orange UFO was hovering just above the ground. It had the same appearance as those she had seen in August. At this point the "spinning" began, resulting in dizziness and nausea.

Clark asked her if she knew why she was spinning and Sandy's feeling of spinning meant. She replied that they had her back to show her to other people.

Clark noted Sandy's habit of closing her eyes when she was frightened, so that all she could recall at that point in time was a brilliant source of light.

Sandy: I seem to be—I don't know—like maybe inside a cube of ice. A cube of something.

Clark: A little like glass or—

Sandy: Yeah... I feel like I'm being carried.

The two entities, which impressed her as being messengers or soldiers seemed to be carrying her in the cube, and she was suspended, without touching anything, and totally motionless.

Clark: Is it big?

Sandy: Yeah.

Clark: Does it look like an experiment station we would have here on Earth?

Sandy: No.

Clark: How is it different?

Sandy: Like a square building with, um, something on each end of it, like a V coming out...

Clark: Do you see anybody standing around it or inside it?

Sandy: Not outside of it.

Clark: Where is it located? Can you see the ground that it's sitting on?

Sandy: The ground there is like white sand.

Clark: Can you see anything besides white sand?

Sandy: The brightness of the light. Not much growth.

Clark: Do you see any plants or animals?

Sandy: I don't know. It looks bare. One building in the middle of a desert...

Clark: You're in the cube?

Sandy: Not anymore.

Clark: Where are you now?

Sandy: I don't know. I feel like they've released it.

Clark: Released what?

Sandy: The cube around me. My whole body kind of snaps when they undo the pressure.

Clark: Okay, tell me what you can see now.

Sandy: (long pause) It's like we're communicating.

Clark: Can you see who you're communicating with?



*Sandy:* The same as the first time.  
*Clark:* As the first time? You mean the first time you saw the UFO beings, out by Buffalo?  
*Sandy:* Yeah.  
*Clark:* It's the same one?  
*Sandy:* Yeah.  
*Clark:* The same person or it just looks the same?  
*Sandy:* Just looks the same.  
*Clark:* What are you saying to each other?  
*Sandy:* (pause) That we're gonna communicate.  
*Clark:* How does he say this? Is it in your head or does he speak it?  
*Sandy:* No. His brain. Maybe that's what the glow is around his head. That's how they communicate.  
*Clark:* With the glow around them?  
*Sandy:* Yes.  
*Clark:* I don't understand. How does he communicate with that?  
*Sandy:* Well, they don't talk... and yet they know what I'm thinking.  
*Clark:* What are you thinking?  
*Sandy:* (pause) The fact that I want to know them, or what's goin' on.  
*Clark:* Does he say anything to you?  
*Sandy:* He thinks a lot of things to me.  
*Clark:* What is he thinking to you?  
*Sandy:* He wants to know what it's like here. And vice versa. I want to know what's there...  
*Clark:* Does he ask for anything specific about life here on Earth?  
*Sandy:* About people's minds mostly...  
*Clark:* How does he phrase the question?  
*Sandy:* (pause) It's like I have to show 'em that every mind is different.  
*Clark:* You have to show them that every mind is different? Why do you have to do that? Doesn't he understand that?  
*Sandy:* I think he's starting to...  
*Clark:* Do you have any sense of why you were chosen to be taken to see this being, to go to this place?  
*Sandy:* No...  
*Clark:* What kinds of questions does he ask?

(pause) It's like I'm supposed to give him a report about that I meet.  
 Everybody that you have met or everyone that you meet or what?  
 Yeah, yeah.  
 How are you going to give him this report? Does he explain that to you?  
 He's coming back.  
 He's going to see you again?  
 Yeah.  
 The beings revealed nothing about themselves or their plans, seemed neither friendly nor unfriendly. They assured her that eventually they would disclose who they were and their purpose. Also mentioned was a man of importance whom Mrs. Larson would meet in the future. She would, in some way, be connected with the UFO-nauts. She wouldn't recognize him at the time of the meeting, but the UFO-nauts would later tell her about him.  
 The room in which Sandra stood had a high ceiling, the walls were apparently of metal, and there was no source of light. However, objects were visible because they transmitted light. Mrs. Larson said she was cold throughout the entire experience.  
 At the end of the interview Sandra was told that it would be no use telling anyone about the experience as she would not be believed. Then the first two entities reappeared and floated her back into the object. In this session she recalled how they entered.  
*Clark:* How did they take you in? Was it through a door, or how did you get in?  
*Sandy:* Like a door, maybe with a—I want to say hinge on the top and the bottom instead of on the side.  
*Clark:* How did they open it?  
*Sandy:* Pushed it.  
 As soon as they were inside the object, the two entities placed Sandy on the cube, which seemed molded to fit her body. They were the only creatures she saw on board. She saw no windows, doors, writing utensils, or other objects on board the craft, other than the control panel.  
 Her next memory was of passing through a tunnel of brilliant white light, which Clark interpreted to be the source of the light which she had sensed through the lids of



her closed eyes on the voyage to the "planet." When she emerged from this tunnel, she could see the earth. The entities who accompanied her on this trip communicated with her only once—to tell her not to talk about the experience and that she would not be believed if she did. The object landed in the same field where it had been when she boarded it, and she was floated home—through the wall and into her bedroom. At this juncture, she thought about taking a shower, because she was afraid she might have contracted alien germs.

The beings apparently picked up her thoughts and asked her what soap was, whereupon she took them to the basement laundry room and poured some laundry soap through her fingers. Then she filled a green cup with soap and gave it to the two visitors who accepted it. She claims the cup is still missing.

Mrs. Larson then stumbled back to her room and lay down. The last thing she recalled was seeing the two creatures standing by the dresser looking at her.

*Clark:* Has anything happened since then that you think is connected with the UFO beings? Have you had any indication that they are interested in you, that they may see you again?

*Sandy:* Yeah. I think they'll see all of us again.

*Clark:* What do you mean by that?

*Sandy:* (pause) Like Jackie losing her earring. Some of her things have been disappearing, things that don't really mean a lot. One minute you see it, the next you don't.

*Clark:* Do you have the feeling that they're aware of what you're doing?

*Sandy:* I think they can press a button and see what I'm thinkin' about, even from where they're at.

*Clark:* Do you think they're aware of you right now?

*Sandy:* (pause) I think so...

*Clark:* Do you have any idea when they will initiate the next communication with you?

*Sandy:* No... I think they'll catch me off guard. In fact, I know they will.

Mr. Clark is to be congratulated on an exceptionally thorough investigation. He talked to Mrs. Larson's friends who recalled her describing the sighting often after August 26. He checked her departure from Fargo and found it to be accurate. Clark notes that Mrs. Larson has only a

high grade education, reads with difficulty, and is not known to be particularly imaginative.

No evidence exists to indicate a prior interest in UFOs on Sandra Larson's part, and Clark found no indication of being knowledgeable about UFO lore.

Unfortunately, Larry Mahoney, who lives in Minneapolis, Minnesota, refused to submit to hypnosis and wanted to forget the whole episode. He would have been an invaluable corroborative witness to the Larsons' testimony.

At this point, the Larson case is more or less in limbo, but nagging questions keep cropping up. For example, how could a UFO land near a busy highway and not be seen by anyone, but not reported. Also, the objects, according to the Larson party, stopped just above a grove of trees. What if they (or one) dropped down *behind* the trees to land?

If we accept the information yielded by the hypnotic sessions as genuine, then what the couple in the camper and the college students saw would not have been the initial sighting—but possibly the object returning to disembark the Larsons and Mahoney.

But we still have another problem—how could Mrs. Larson have been taken ("floated" or otherwise) through the streets of Fargo without *someone* seeing her? Here again, it seems impossible. But before this case can be closed someone must carefully examine the area where the alleged abduction took place during the same time of year and the same time of morning. In the case of Mrs. Larson's second experience, an effort should be made to locate the exact field, then an observer should walk or drive the route to and from it and her house at the same time of the morning and year, carefully observing pedestrian and auto traffic.

If it should turn out that both areas are relatively free of traffic, then at least a few of the problems related to this case can be resolved. Until then we must at least consider the possibility that Mrs. Larson's second alleged meeting with the UFO occupants may have been a dream triggered by the first experience on August 26.